

Waco Evening News

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PROPRIETORS.

J. C. HILL, Manager.

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WACO, TEXAS, NOV. 12, 1888.

Farewell to the soreheads.

Don't let the College go.

Let us hear from the Aransas Pass extension.

Close up the Waco Female College subscription.

Lose the College and other and more serious losses will follow.

A war tariff seems to be pleasing to the American workman. So let it be.

Brick buildings will continue to go up in Waco notwithstanding the election of Harrison.

A new week has begun, and the people have about quit talking election and settled down to business.

Brother Bartow, way down in Victoria, rejoices over the election of Mills, and attributes other democratic losses to over confidence.

In the hurrah and bustle attending the election we forgot the "Human" party of Gatesville. What did you do with it brother Perry.

Ah Ben did not receive any congratulatory telegrams from his Chinese friends, or else such were suppressed by the partisan associated press.

Mills has, single-handed, borne the heat and burden of the day in a republican congress before, and he will prove equal to the occasion again.

Waco will now devote her attention strictly to business, and about the first thing on the list is the settling of the location of the Waco Female College.

We can sympathize with Cox of the Temple Times as the result in Bell county is ascertained. How much he must deplore the poverty of the English language in expressing his feelings.

Bell county has cause to blush over her record in the late election. Three of the regular democratic nominees were defeated by majorities varying from 100 to 600 votes. Lewy was defeated for the legislature by his union labor opponent named Roop. The quality of Lewy's democracy was not questioned, but he happens to be an Israelite and the democrats therefore refused to support him.

The News congratulates Hon. Geo. W. Tyler upon his election to the state senate from the Twenty-third district. Mr. Tyler is one of the rising young men on the Texas horizon, and we predict for him a useful and brilliant career. He is a democrat of the right stamp, and will in a measure redeem Bell county, which is in his district, from the opprobrium attaching to her on account of Roop's election to the legislature.

Would Spoil Trade.
Proprietor to recently engaged waiter—You will have to go, I can't keep you.
New Waiter—What's the matter?
Proprietor—Whenever a customer asks you if the fish is fresh you get red in the face. You'd break up the whole business in a short time.—Texas Sittings.

Medical Changes.
Citizen to elderly physician—You don't bleed patients as often as you did fifteen or twenty years ago?
Physician (looking over package of unpaid bills)—No, we don't bleed 'em at all; they bleed us!—Life.

A Man of Honor.
Ned—Say, Jack, can you pay that \$10 you borrowed of me a week ago?
Jack (reflectively)—Ten dollars—a week ago? Oh, yes—no; can't do it. Sorry, but so—ta.
Ned—Hold on a minute. Can you lend me \$10?
Jack—Why, man—certainly, old man, certainly. Glad to accommodate you!—Time.

Natural Fears.
Husband (a back cashier, slightly under the weather)—If I should be taken away from you, darling, would it really be a very great blow to you?
Wife (sobbing)—Oh, dear, John, I hope you haven't been fooling with the bank funds.—New York Sun.

Unredeemed Rentism.
Magazine Post enjoying his bed for breakfast—Life is but a dream.
Landlady—Be you ever pointer git up today so's I kin make yore bed!—Exchange.

A Touching Work.
A new novel has lately been published in raised letters for the use of the blind. It is said it evoked a great deal of feeling.—Terra Haute Express.

Girls Written Up.

A public school teacher of Milwaukee has in her note book the following composition on "Girls," written by a boy: "Girls are very stuck up and dignified in their manner and behavior. They make fun of boys, and then turn round and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every morn and say: 'Oh, ain't the moon lovely?' This is one thing I have not told, and that is they always now their little bottom boys."—Chicago Herald.

Filial.



Wealthy but Economical Father—Do you know, my son, what strict economy would do for you?
Robert—I know what it has done for me, father, and I respect you for it.—Life.

Senator Jones' Great Luck.

The senator from Nevada has always been ready to take great chances. He believes sincerely in the outside help that comes from no one knows where to shape circumstances around the path of a lucky man so that success is certain. As an illustration of the peculiar luck which he has had at all times during his life when he has once given his mind to hunting for a specific result the senator related a story of his early life when he was a sheriff of a certain county in California. He said:

"We set out one day to go up a great canyon which was near my headquarters. There was no road to it; it was a most fatiguing route for any one to travel over; it was as difficult, owing to the necessary climbing up and down, to travel six miles in this canyon as it would have been twenty-five upon the open highway. I had one of my deputies with me. We were out seeking for certain violations of the law. About midday we had traversed half the distance necessary to go and we stopped for a rest. I pulled out my meerschaum pipe, for I was very fond of smoking even then. I loaded up with tobacco, when to my consternation I found that I had no matches and no material for making a light. My companion was not a smoker, and of course he had no matches. I was almost dying for a smoke. I hated to give it up, and in my wondering what I should do, I turned around and I saw a match lying on the ground in the sand near a little stream that came down through the canyon. The sight of that match actually frightened me. I looked all around to see if there was any one in sight. I looked up to see if there was anything passing over that way, and then I waited up and pecked up the match. I said to myself: 'Of course it won't light, it's been lying on this wet sand.' But it did light, and I had my smoke. I never knew anything to beat that piece of luck, but I've had in many other calls in my life such similar evidence of good fortune that I can but believe to a certain extent in good and bad luck."—New York World.

Joel and the Steer.

The people of East Killingly, in the adjoining county, think that a pretty funny thing occurred in that neighborhood not long ago. Mr. Joel Thomas, who is the hired man of an East Killingly farm, has a reputation for mixing himself into every dilemma that can find no other unfortunate person to fool with.

One morning a few weeks ago Joel went to the barn to yoke a pair of very large untamed steers. The yoke was large and cumbersome and the bows were big, but he got the wooden loop over one steer's head and pinned him. With the next steer he had a worse struggle, slipping about in the treacherous yard in his effort to hold the animal by one horn and carry the heavy yoke end with his free arm. Finally, by an inexplicable mischance, either the yoked steer twisted the other boy over Joel's head and below his arms, or else Joel fell into it, he doesn't know which. A moment later a neighbor approaching the house beheld the unhappy hired man yoked up with the frantic steer, his wild red face protruding through the big ox bow, slipping and plunging at terrific speed down the road toward him. Joel cried the neighbor, and at every jump he roared in spluttering tones:

"Head us off, — head us off!"
The neighbor succeeded in doing it, turning the team by dint of very active work into an angle of a stone wall. Then he nervously begged around to the steer's head, meaning to release the animal before Joel was quite killed. It was at this point that the hired man manifested the striking originality of his mind and his disgust at the neighbor's lack of gumption at the same time. He yelled:

"Here, you! what are ye up to? Never mind the steer; come round here and myoke me!"—Norwich (Conn.) Special to New York Sun.

A Bit of Dramatic Criticism.

The varying emotions springing from a snow white gown of brocade given with a force and power that were cut low and worn over a tucker of fine old lace, evincing skillful expression of subdued passion and hanging sleeves of brocade pulled up so as not to conceal the apparent faults of elevation and antique grills of turgidity and brilliant medallions joined by a rare refinement of speech and motion which convey a gown of dead leaf brown cloth, all up the sides and open in front over an empress which is never subordinate to the robe of black satin, which is a mass of jet ornaments from throat to hem, displaying a much higher order of dramatic ability than she evinced last season.—Norristown Herald.

Selfish Man.

Cultured Dame—Just like a man! You grab the paper as soon as it arrives, keep it all to yourself, and then blame me for not being informed on matters of public interest.
Husband—Well, my dear, I'll read the paper aloud, if you wish. Let me see—"Another Ocean Horror."

"Oh, don't read that."
"The Progress of the Campaign."
"I don't care for politics."
"Issues of the Hour."
"Never mind that."
"Science Solves a Problem."
"I hate science."
"Mrs. Tipton's Party—Description of the Dresses."
"Oh, read that."—Philadelphia Record.

Another Way.

Walter Besant says that one should write poetry in order to acquire command of language. Editors achieve the same result by reading it.—Time.

A MATRIMONIAL CATECHISM.

It is sometimes well to Practice What You Preach.

He was very practical, and in order to have everything fair and square beforehand he said:

"You know, darling, I promised my mother that my wife should be a good housekeeper and a domestic woman. Can you cook?"

"I can," she said, swallowing a great big lump in her throat.

"Can you make good bread? That is the fundamental principle of all housekeeping."

"Yes; I went into a bakery and learned how to make all kinds of bread." She added under her breath "may be."

"And can you do your own dressmaking? I am comparatively a poor man, love, and dressmakers' bills would soon bankrupt me."

"Yes," she said frankly, "I can make everything I wear, especially pattern bonnets."

"You are a jewel," he cried with enthusiasm, "come to my arms!"

"Wait a minute—there's no hurry," she said coolly. "It's my turn to ask a few questions. Can you saw wood and carry in coal?"

"Why, my love, I should hire that work done."

"Can you make your coats, vests, trousers and other wearing apparel?"

"But that isn't the purpose."

"Can you build a house, dig ditches, weave carpets, and?"

"I am not a professional."

"Neither am I. It has taken the most of my life to acquire the education and accomplishments that attached you to me. But as soon as I have learned all the professions you speak of I will send you my card. An revoir," and she swept away.

And the disconsolate young man went to the nearest drug store and bought a two-for-a-quarter cigar, with which he speedily solaced himself.—Detroit Free Press.

How He Can Learn.

Bonicaunt says it is of the highest importance, before trying to act, that an actor should know how to walk. Let the actor go out with a snip company; by the time he gets home he will know how to walk.—New Orleans Picayune.

Life at Mt. Desert.



He (who has just been accepted)—Were you ever engaged before?

She—Only once this summer.

He—What? And here it is the last of August?

She—But I only came last week.—Life.

One Way to Become Famous.

Author—You say the story has merit. Then why do you hesitate about taking it?

Book Publisher—Why, you see, sir, you have not an established reputation. You are not widely known yet. The announcement of a story by you would not of itself be sufficient to make a spontaneous demand for it.

Author—I've fixed all that. I have a friend that is a book reviewer, and as soon as my story appears he'll brand it at once as a plagiarism from one of Zola's earlier works.—Chicago Tribune.

Profitable Employment.

Vigorous Friend—Well, George, how do you feel today, and how do you employ your time?

Confirmed Invalid—Oh, I'm feeling as miserable as usual, but I'm profitably employing what time I have.

V. F.—What are you doing?

C. I.—I'm writing a series of articles on "How to Always Enjoy Good Health."—Boston Budget.

The Merciful Man.

Father—Johnnie, I was very much grieved last evening by seeing you abuse the dog. Cruelty to animals is a sin which I cannot pardon. But why are you staring out of the window when I am speaking to you?

"I see that Dingley's cow has broken into our garden."

"It has, eh? Get me the gun, quick, and I'll fill the darned brute with buckshot."—Lincoln Journal.

Not a Fair Trial.

First Wheelman—I can make it from here to Juville in three hours.

Second Wheelman—Stumper says he can do it in two.

First Wheelman—Oh, well, he is a professional.

Second Wheelman—Bicyclist, do you mean?

First Wheelman—No, liar.—San Francisco Examiner.

To Finish Off With.

Lady (angrily to tramp at the back door)—You can't get anything to eat here.

Tramp (politely)—I beg your pardon, madam, I don't want anything to eat. I have just eaten a good dinner at the house of four neighbors, but if you could give me a small cup of coffee and a cigarette you would place me under many obligations.—Washington Critic.

A Slight Difference.

A physician reports that he was saved a two mile ride one night by having the patient, a child, brought to the telephone and held there until it coughed. He diagnosed croup and prescribed therefore. In order to collect the bill, however, he found that a personal call was necessary. The telephone can't do everything.—Norristown Herald.

Almost Necessary.

A "literary society" in Hampton is to give a concert to raise funds to purchase a library. This is a new departure for a literary club, but it is not a bad idea. A few books will not hurt a literary club. They are a most necessary as a pool table, chess board or a banquet.—Norristown Herald.

Two Supreme Occasions.

A cynical man says that there are two occasions when he would like to be present. One is when the gas company pays its water bill; the other is when the water company pays its gas bill.—Texas Sittings.

A Chinese Dude.

Berry Wall used to be the king of the dudes. Now it is said that there is a young Chinaman who outdresses Mr. Wall. Wai Sing, the new dandy, is known as the Chinese Wall.—Detroit Free Press.

Not Always With In Some One's Power.
We must admit that there is such a thing as being too fresh. But most of us draw the line at better.—Burlington Free Press.

Waco Furniture Co.

Farewell

WARNING

A good thing for everybody who want to buy furniture. We will extend our closing out sale ten days longer. Now is your time to buy furniture; you can afford to buy at the prices we offer, whether you need it or not. Give us a call at once as we must make room for our new stock en-routed, and after that time we will have the largest, best assorted and most complete stock of furniture ever shown in Central Texas, at prices to suit everybody.



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